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THE LOWER DEPTHS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN METROPOLIS.

A Discourse by the Rev. Peter Stryker.

DELIVERED IN THIRTY-FOURTH STREET REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH,
NEW YORK CITY, SABBATH EVENING, APRIL 29, 1866.

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H. E. & C. H. SWEETSER, Conductors.

1871, Sept. 27. Gift of
Prof. Wm. B. F. Fiske,
of Cambridge. H. U. 1838.
The Lower Depths of the Great American Metropolis.

A DISCOURSE

BY

REV. PETER STRYKER,

DELIVERED IN THE

*Thirty-fourth Street Reformed Dutch Church, New York City,
Sabbath Evening, April 29, 1866.*

EPHESIANS 5: 11, 12.—“And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret.”

WE may learn from the accounts given by modern missionaries, as well as the writings of the Apostle Paul, that the abominations of heathenism are fearfully great. Nor is this astonishing. In the mind of the heathen there exists scarcely any obligation to restrain passion and lust. The only hindrance of any account is that which society may impose for its protection, and in many cases this is very slight. Of the obscenities practised in many parts of the heathen world it would be improper to speak. We are assured there are images engraved on the ear of Juggernaut which could not be described without shocking the ear and the heart of a refined and godly people.

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But alas ! what is true of heathendom is equally true of certain localities in the most enlightened and Christianized parts of the world. In London, Paris and New York, the lower depths of vice and destitution may be found as fully exhibited and illustrated as they were in ancient Ephesus and Rome, as they are in modern Constantinople, Pekin or Calcutta.

The subject which I have undertaken to discuss is a delicate one, and I will endeavor to handle it in such a way that our minds may not be offended or our hearts injured ; but that we may learn to avoid the first step which leads to moral degradation, and pity those who have fallen a prey to crime and poverty.

A TOUR WITH THE POLICE.

Having been repeatedly invited by one of the heads of our excellent Metropolitan police force to visit some of the most wretched haunts of our city, that I might have a personal knowledge of some of the extreme wretchedness which exists among us, I summoned up courage a short time since to go. Several of the officers of our church accompanied me, and we were conducted and protected by gentlemanly and intelligent representatives of the police department, who gave us much important and sadly interesting information concerning the localities we visited. Our tour was made necessarily in the evening, as our object was to see the people as well as their habitations.

It would not be wise in a public discourse to tell precisely where we went, neither can I desecrate this

sacred place and sully your pure hearts with a minute description of what we saw. I shall only give you a general account of that well-remembered evening walk.

Often had we heard of this misery, but we then saw it, and were constrained to say to each other the half had not been told us. We went down into cellars dug deep in marshy ground, some of which were paved with cobble stones, and some roughly floored, all covered with filth, badly ventilated, and from which there met us as we entered, a damp, close, pestilential air, which cannot be described, but by one who has experienced it will be held in lasting remembrance. These subterranean caverns probably were never intended as places of abode. They are not fit to be used as storehouses. The very dogs and cats would, if unmolested, prefer the open street as an habitation.

Yet here we found human beings—black and white, men, women and children, all huddled together. They evinced no surprise at seeing us enter, evidently being well accustomed to the inspection of the police department. One room we found in total darkness, except as the lantern of our guide threw a lurid glare upon the dismal scene. In another den a dirty tallow candle, consumed almost to the socket, served to show that the place was inhabited.

The cellars are about six feet high, and divided in small apartments. These apartments are crowded with sleeping arrangements. You would hardly call them beds. They are rude structures, made of unplanned boards, one tier on the floor, and in some cases

two other tiers, one above the other, over it. In the fourth precinct we are informed there are sixty of these hideous places, where the degraded poor and wicked of both sexes resort for lodgment, paying from six to fifteen cents a night each for the wretched accommodations. And in these dens, infested with vermin and subject to the most loathsome diseases, are nightly packed an average of ten persons to each place, and an aggregate of six hundred. This, be it remembered, is only for one precinct.

We are next led to some dilapidated tenement houses, where the condition of things is little or no better. We ascend rickety staircases, fearful every moment we will meet with some accident. We enter rooms which have no ventilation except from the narrow door. The laws of decency and morality we again find invaded, people of both sexes and every shade of color herding together, exhibiting less taste and refinement than the brute creation. These close rooms in many cases are warmed with little open furnaces, standing in the middle of the floor, around which the miserable occupants of the room are closely gathered, and from which ascends a gas which stifles those who are not accustomed to it. From these miserable abodes we hasten, and as with disgust we turn from the locality, we hear some depraved children, who evidently surmise the nature of our mission, say in mock solemnity, "The miseries of New York!" and our hearts respond with emphasis—"Amen!"

We pass into another building. In one of its

apartments, lying in a corner, all cuddled in a heap and enveloped in dirty rags and straw, is a human being, who upon inquiry we find is a woman, and she is drunk. We venture, as we are well protected, to enter a drinking saloon, where cheap lodgings are advertised. There is before us quite an array of dirty decanters, and the usual stench of bad rum. A conspicuous sign announces that the proprietor will not be responsible for the safety of any articles belonging to his guests which are not especially committed to his care. As the place is a noted resort for rag pickers, beggars and thieves, the warning is significant. The back room is for the sleepers. As it is yet early in the evening, and the people who frequent this spot are too wicked to sleep much, we are not surprised to find the sleeping apartment vacant.

We hasten along, casting a pitying eye upon the poor children who at 10 o'clock at night are thronging the streets, preferring the fresh cold air of the outer world to the stifling atmosphere of their homes. Owing to the ample arrangements made by the custodians of our peace and safety, the most complete order and quietude prevail in this wretched neighborhood. The sturdy police, in the style of the primitive Christians, walk two by two in their nocturnal rounds, a terror to evil doers, a joy to all who wish to do and fare well.

Here we come to the abode of Chinamen. Ten or twelve of these dusky celestials are seated around a large table, gambling. They are evidently enjoying themselves hugely. Little heaps of brass coin, stamped

with Chinese characters, are lying upon the table, and as the successful winner draws from the store of his antagonist, he laughs heartily. The stakes evidently are small, and the object, unlike that prevailing in most of our gambling hells, is apparently more of pleasure than gain. In an adjoining room, not more than ten feet square, we find rude structures for sleeping, arranged like others elsewhere described, one over another, as berths in a vessel, and capable of accommodating from twelve to fifteen persons.

Not far from these Asiatics we find an interesting class of Europeans. We enter a room which proves to be a place of rendezvous for Italian organ grinders. These industrious musicians are not the proprietors of the machines they manipulate. They obtain their instruments here, and have only a share in the profits. After their day of toil they meet in this place to settle up accounts. Some of them lodge here, and, if they have any spare money after they have procured a few crusts of bread, they are invited to spend it for rum, a poor quality of which is vended to them for a large price.

As we pass through the streets we see many saloons, brilliantly lighted, into which sailors and others are decoyed, and where they are filched of their money, their sense and their virtue. In one of these, keeping time to marrow-bone music, are some twenty young girls dancing. I will not describe them. A glance through the open door is sufficient. This is one of those dens of infamy of which Solomon speaks when he advises the

young man, "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall. For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence." God have compassion on the poor inmates of this earthly hell, who perhaps would fain get out of the pollution if they knew how; and upon the silly and wicked dupes who permit themselves to be enticed in this maelstrom of iniquity! But we can hardly pray for mercy upon that fiend in human form who keeps this brothel, and enriches himself by destroying others, body and soul. You will be surprised and shocked to learn that this man was once a preacher of the gospel. He has amassed considerable wealth, and one of these days may live in style on Murray Hill, or stand in the halls of legislation as one of our city representatives. Thus we drift along.

We have seen enough, and more than enough. We can now believe what we have often been told by those whose business it is to keep these iniquities in abeyance so far as the lax laws of our State will enable them. Their stories are not exaggerated. Alas! they are too true.

Fellow-citizens, and Christian men and women, we advise you not to visit these places of sin and shame. Unless God in his Providence directs you to go to perform some bounden duty, we beg you to stay away. It is always dangerous for the most virtuous to come in contact with pollution. Neither would we advise you to read minute accounts of this degradation. You will

incur fearful risks in perusing the story of demoralization. But you ought to know, you cannot but know, that these places of wretchedness exist hard by. There are general facts which should be brought to your view that you may appreciate your duty not only to the fallen, but also to those who are young and exposed to temptation. Hence it is we now address you on this heart-sickening subject.

In looking at the lower depths of this metropolis, you will notice there are apparent two conditions by no means identical, although they flow together,—I mean the condition of want and the condition of crime. Let us glance at them separately.

WANT.

According to the last United States census, taken in the year 1860, the population of this city was 813,669. The number is now, no doubt, largely increased. It is supposed we have over a million of inhabitants. So crowded are we that there are on the average three families, and fifteen individuals in every house in the city. There are 15,000 tenement houses, containing in the aggregate 486,000 people. Some of these houses, as we have seen, are more than full. Comfort, decency, and morality are sacrificed. And in these miserable abodes whom do we find? The poor emigrant, who has been fleeced by the sharpers, and, ignorant of our language and customs, is a prey to every species of dishonesty; the lone widow, who has pawned her furniture, dresses, and jewelry, to buy bread for her hungry

children ; the wretched consumptive, who in his lingering illness, has spent all the savings of years ; the aged, whose children have died, or worse than that, have with ingratitude and brutality turned their old parents out to feed on the sympathies and charities of the world ; the lazy and unthrifty, who have gathered from all parts of the land in the great metropolis, expecting to find gold rolling at their feet—these and countless others, who are not be reckoned as criminals, but unfortunates, are with time, and by the force of circumstances, crowded closer and closer together. They are in an iron room, which every day by a spring brings its sides nearer, and which, unless help is afforded, will eventually crush them. Do you hear the moans and sobs, the wails and shrieks of those dying poor ? Turn not away with loathing and disgust because your sense of refinement is shocked, for they are your fellow-beings. Say not they are the authors of their own misfortunes. That may be the case with some, but not all, and in no case is it a valid cause for indifference. Think not these people are criminals. Do not associate the sick, and aged, and disheartened, and down-trodden poor with the licentious. Do not classify the starving seamstress with the vile street-walker, or the sick mechanic with the drunkard.

Hear that cry of distress. Look down into those lower depths of poverty. See that array of men, women, and children, all members of the human family, freezing, starving, filthy, helpless. As they sink into the deep mire, they stretch out their hands, and plead to

you for help. It is not only the image of grim want you see, and the prayer of the suffering and dying you hear. Those spectre forms are gliding on the verge of ruin worse than death. That earnest appeal is the last cry of tempted innocence. Would that it might disturb the slumbers of our wealthy who recline upon downy beds, and luxuriate in spacious parlors! The crowded, filthy, badly ventilated, wretchedly contrived tenement houses of this city are more than a disgrace to the community. They are a standing reproach against our rich men, who ought, for the sake of humanity, to be using their surplus funds in erecting cheap and comfortable residences for the poor all over the island of Manhattan, and in the suburbs of our city. These men seem to be destitute of mind as well as soul. Cannot they see that our overflowing population is rapidly passing from poverty to crime, and the few dollars they are saving by their parsimony to leave to prodigal heirs, is converting thousands into beggars, thieves, prostitutes, and murderers? Are they so shortsighted that they cannot behold the pestilence and famine hovering like vultures around their anticipated victims, and threatening to depopulate us?

We all have a duty to perform toward the many thousands of destitute ones in this city and vicinity. We are not merely to sympathize with them every time the thermometer approaches zero, or pray daily and fervently as we think of their condition, "God bless the suffering poor!" This is all well enough; but it is not sufficient. We ought to use our minds and bodies,

our money and influence for their immediate relief, and their permanent elevation. It is our duty, through the press, the platform and the pulpit, to call loudly for reform. At the ballot box we must secure the services of men of intelligence and integrity, who will provide us with wholesome sanitary laws, and see that they are properly enforced.

A great advance has lately been made in this direction. The appointment of new health officers and the extraordinary powers with which they are vested, has given very general satisfaction. We need a reform. It is not merely the flapping of the wings of the vulture Pestilence which should alarm us. Our comfort, morality, and decency, as well as our health demand a reform. And we will have it. Soon we hope the nuisances to which we have referred will be swept away entirely and forever by our courageous Sanitary Board.

But there is a work also for us to do. We are to help mould public opinion. We are to countenance our Board of health. We are as Christians to do what lies in our power to reach the suffering poor. We should strive to raise them from their abject degradation, and help them onward in the path of sobriety and holiness. We ought to use the appliances already initiated, and contribute largely to the support of those numerous and well regulated Institutions and Societies which take under their guardianship the children of want. Our church deacons should be well supplied with funds, and urged to diligence as well as prudence in providing for the indigent in the fold of the Good

Shepherd. The number of our faithful colporteurs and Bible readers should be largely increased, and they should be well balanced, having tracts and Bibles in one pocket, and in the other a plentiful supply of bread, milk, and coal tickets. Our mission churches and Sabbath schools should be indefinitely multiplied, and in connection with them the degraded poor be educated to thrift as well as piety. Every one of us should be a missionary. If every Christian in New York would spend an hour each week in looking around him, he would be a wiser, better, and more useful man ; and if he would find some poor person or family, and interest himself in their welfare, he would be a Good Samaritan whom God would delight to honor and bless.

This is, my friends, a religious duty. I exhort you to receive my words not as those of a mere philanthropist, but as one who comes to you from God with the everlasting gospel. I am now preaching to you Christian duty, that which our dear Saviour taught, and largely exemplified. You are to save the souls of men through their bodies ; and bodies and souls are all valuable in the sight of God who has made them.

CRIME.

But more upon this point as we proceed to glance at the lower depths of crime in this great metropolis.

You need take no lengthy journey to discover the prominent and fruitful source of crime here and elsewhere. It is intoxicating drink. When this goes in a man's mouth sense usually goes out of his mind and

integrity leaves his heart. This is emphatically true of those liquors which are vended in small measures. These are fearfully drugged, as any one may learn who will take the trouble to investigate. Our Police Commissioners in their last annual report truthfully say : "The excessive use of intoxicating drinks is the greatest evil to which communities are exposed. To it may be traced much the largest share of poverty, disease and crime, public disorder and moral degradation which so much afflict society." This traffic is evidently on the increase. Money is made by it, and this is a sufficient inducement for people destitute of conscience to engage in it. An inquiry instituted in May last by the Metropolitan Police Department shows that at that period there were in New York 9,270 places where intoxicating drinks were sold. Of this number but 754 claimed to be doing business under a license, showing that 8,516 were in violation of the law. The result of this immense and unlawful traffic appears in our large criminal calendar, our eighteen million tax, our fast increasing pauperism, and in the shame and ruin of countless men, women and children.

What is to be done? Would that every drop of that which will inebriate, from hard cider and the purest wine to the strongest gin and vilest whiskey, was in the bottom of the deepest sea, and the receipt for making it was forever consigned to the department of the lost arts! But this will never be while Satan is permitted to walk this earth as the prime mover of wickedness. This is too efficient an agency for him to

dispense with. We must, therefore, battle the evil as best we can. If we can get a prohibitory statute which will rule it out except for medicinal and mechanical purposes we will rejoice. But until this can be obtained we will hail with joy the new excise law.

Practically, this business has of late been subject to no restrictions in this metropolis. Any person could obtain a license, or any person could with impunity sell without a license. The police declared their hands were tied. They could not arrest for this class of offences without warrant, and applications for warrants to police magistrates were useless, because these officials were under the control of the liquor dealers and consumers.

Blessed be God, there is a change ! Our heart was overflowing with gratitude when the daily paper informed us of the passage of the new act to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors within the Metropolitan Police District of the State of New York.

This act confers upon the efficient Metropolitan Health Board the sole right to give or withhold licenses. It provides that no person in the cities of New York and Brooklyn shall, after May 1st, publicly keep, sell, give away or dispose of any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ales or beer in quantities less than five gallons at a time, unless he has obtained a license, and the license fees have been fixed at \$100 for the sale of ale and beer, and \$250 for spirituous liquors.

The prominent features of this elaborate and stringent law are as follows : No liquor shall be sold on the

Sabbath, or on any election day within a quarter of a mile of the polls, or between the hours of twelve o'clock at night and sunrise. No person shall sell or give intoxicating drinks to any youth under eighteen years of age against the will of his parent or guardian, nor to an habitual drunkard, nor to any one while under the influence of intoxicants; neither may any one sell to a husband against the request of his wife, or to a wife against the request of her husband. All persons licensed are held responsible for any disorder which may occur upon their premises. They are compelled to keep a certificate of their license posted in a conspicuous place in the room where they vend their liquors, and in case they violate any of the provisions of the act they shall be subject to a fine from \$30 to \$50 for each offence, or imprisonment from ten to thirty days, or to both fine and imprisonment. Bills for the sale of liquors in quantities of less than five gallons are not collectable.

Any person may enter a complaint against another for the violation of this law, and in case of conviction, if he is not a police officer, will be entitled to one-half the fine imposed. It is made incumbent upon every sheriff, policeman and officer of police to compel the observance of this act. And, further, all who vend liquors shall be held responsible for any damage which may be sustained in consequence of such sale, and the parties offending may be sued in any court, and the sums recovered shall be given to the injured and complaining party. It is estimated that this act will close

up at least four thousand of the ten thousand dram shops now open, and bring in a revenue by the sale of licenses of more than a million of dollars.

This law is none too stringent. Long enough have wives and parents and friends groaned under the influence of this pestilent traffic. Long enough have the community suffered from brawls, disorders, pauperism, a fearful waste of money, and every species of crime without any corresponding compensation, and with no power of restriction and defence. The cry of the suffering has gone up to the court of Heaven, and been registered there, and to every heartless rum-seller justice has been or will be meted out by the Higher Power. And we heartily rejoice that at last we have been able to reach the ear of the legislative authority of earth as well as Heaven, and that this wise and beneficent act has been passed. All praise to the New York Legislature of 1866 !

It now remains to be seen how well this law will be executed. We believe it will be rigidly enforced. The members composing the Board to whom its administration is committed have displayed courage and fidelity in the discharge of other important and difficult duties. No doubt they will prove themselves equal to this emergency. They will be sustained by the most respectable of the liquor dealers, from motives of policy, and by the mass of good citizens, from motives of integrity and philanthropy.

And shall not the people of God of every persuasion rally around the administrators of justice and reform,

and by their individual and combined influence assist and encourage them? Let others consider the immense curtailment of taxes and the diminution of crime. So may we. But, beyond all this, it is for those who love Jesus and his cause to consider chiefly the bearing of this law upon the souls of men. The liquor dealer's soul is in jeopardy. Indeed, we fear in the case of many of them the soul has become so shrivelled that it will never recover itself until, by the light of the great day, God shall make it visible. If there is anything calculated to belittle a man, it is dealing out poison by the glass to the poor trembling inebriate. For the sake of the thousands of traffickers in this vile business let us help to put it down. And for the sake of the drinkers, whether they are young or old, whether tipplers or toppers, let us help to execute this excellent law.

But, if possible, there is a lower depth than this. Brutal as is the rum-seller and his victim, they do their work openly. But there are hidden works of darkness, of which we hear, but which escape the public eye. If we may rely upon police investigations and medical testimony, there are between four and five thousand females in the city of New York who are professional prostitutes. How many haunts of iniquity there are we know not, nor how many thousands of men and youth resort to them. Nor can we tell how many women who are supposed to be virtuous frequent these places of sin and shame. It is enough for us to know that about five millions of dollars are invested in this city in this nefarious business; that the victims of both sexes

are numbered by thousands, and that at a fearful rate the lost ones are travelling to perdition.

Shall we avoid this subject because it is delicate, and possibly some one will be offended? Does the Bible avoid it? Do not reason and philanthropy and religion, all bid us utter the warning voice? Who is safe? Alas! no one. The young and old, the rich and poor, the educated and the illiterate, the virtuous as well as licentious, are all in danger. Permit me then to utter the seasonable note of warning. Remember the look of lust is sin. Heed the admonition given by Paul to the Colossians, "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth: fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence and covetousness which is idolatry; for which things sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience." If Sodom and Gomorrah were consumed with fire on account of their inhabitants "giving themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh," is there not danger that this polluted city, so given to lust, may experience a similar destruction?

And remember, beloved youth, although you may never plunge into the lower depths of sin according to the reckoning of society; if from your exalted height of privilege, and with all the warnings uttered in your hearing, and with all the safeguards which surround you, you still yield to temptation, and at last fall a prey to lust, in the eyes of God you will be a far greater sinner than the Sodomite was, and the base character of the present day is, who has been born and bred in ob-

scurity, and you will find at last a lower depth in hell than that which is awarded him. I beg you shut your eyes and ears and heart against the least temptation, and fortify yourself by an immediate, firm, and eternal trust in Jesus.

But what can be done for those who are now sunk in pollution? Shall we permit the daughters of perdition, the average tenure of whose professional life is only four years, to go down to the grave and eternal infamy without an attempt to save them? Shall we do nothing to stop this iniquitous business which is the ruin of all who participate in it? Does not a regard for the safety and morality of our children in the future demand that an effort be made to check this evil?

The Police report, to which we have referred, makes this terribly suggestive remark: "The philanthropist and Christian would be pained, and even men of the world would be astonished, at learning the class and character of the customers of these dissipated places. What seems the best, most cultivated, and highest circle of society, has more than its share of representatives among the frequenters of these shameless haunts of dissipation and debauchery." We reiterate the declaration of the report: "Some law ought to be framed at once, and vigorously executed, to break up and utterly suppress these attractive schools of vice and immorality."

Go to Blackwell's Island, and your heart will be filled with pity for the dregs of New York society which

there find a temporary home. The five hundred women sent there as vagrants are immortal beings. Many of them are intelligent. Some of them, you will discover as you talk to them, are not entirely lost to decency and shame.

Be charitable towards them. They are none of them worse than was Mary Magdalene, out of whom were cast seven devils, and who subsequently became one of Christ's most devoted and loving disciples. Think too of that wretched woman brought before the immaculate Saviour with the charge that she had been taken in the very act of adultery, and who did not presume to deny the accusation. Did Jesus spurn her from his presence? What said he to her accusers? "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." What a lesson is that for us! Yes for *us*. Examine your heart, and see if it is free from lust. And what said Christ to the woman? "Go, and sin no more."

Let us imitate the forgiving, loving Saviour. Let us say to these abandoned, fallen creatures, "Neither do we condemn thee; go and sin no more." This duty of reclaim devolves with peculiar propriety and power upon Christian women. Too long have the modern Maries, Marthas and Lydias neglected this their appropriate field of labor. A man, no matter how vile he may be, if he repents and reforms is admitted to society, and encouraged to persevere in virtue and holiness. But a fallen woman is spurned as if she were a leper. No Christian sister says to her in the words of the Redeemer, "Go, and sin no more." Is

this right ? Is it in accordance with the dictates of Christianity, or even humanity ? Oh, Christian women, listen to the touching appeal made in behalf of these poor outcasts—

“ Think gently of the erring ;
 Ye know not of the power
 With which the dark temptation came
 In some unguarded hour.
 Ye may not know how earnestly
 They struggled, or how well,
 Until the hour of weakness came,
 And sadly thus they fell.

“ Think gently of the erring ;
 Oh, do not thou forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 She is thy sister yet.
 Heir of the self-same heritage,
 Child of the self-same God ;
 She hath but stumbled in the path,
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

“ Speak gently to the erring ;
 For is it not enough
 That innocence and peace have gone—
 Without thy censure rough ?
 It sure must be a weary lot
 That sin-crushed heart to bear ;
 And they who share a happier fate,
 Their chidings well may spare.

“ Speak kindly to the erring ;
 Thou yet may'st lead them back
 With holy words and tones of love
 From misery's thorny track.

Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be;
Deal gently with the erring one
As God hath done with thee."

We rejoice that many are beginning to learn and to practise a better way. Some years ago a Magdalen Benevolent Society was organized in this city, which has since been quietly but efficiently operating among this class of wicked unfortunates. Quite lately the "New York Women's Evangelical Mission" has been inaugurated, the appropriate motto of which society is "Haste to the rescue," and which is well represented by ladies from this and other Churches in this great metropolis. We bid these organizations "God Speed," and urge you to coöperate with the self-denying persons who are willing to follow Jesus in such labors of love.

We doubt not many dens of infamy will now be broken up. Our Board of Health cannot do everything; but they will doubtless accomplish much in this as well as other directions. Help them. Follow in their track. Finish what they begin. Seek the fallen ones, and spare no pains to allure them back to virtue and piety.

We have thus endeavored slightly and delicately to remove the veil, and show you a little of the miseries of New York. You have seen the lower strata of society. You behold how misfortune and crime stand side by side, the one dragging the other down to ruin. I trust, attentive hearer, your heart is interested, and that you will, while you yourself avoid the slippery

paths, endeavor to direct the young and unwary in the right way, and if possible, arrest those who already are travelling the broad road which leads to death.

God will bless such noble efforts. And should it be your lot to raise some of these fallen creatures from the lower depths and lead them to the cross of Calvary, how perfect will be your joy when you finally stand with them before the throne of God, beholding them clothed in the snow-white robe of Jesus' righteousness, and hearing them sing in sweeter than angel's tones, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father: to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

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